



PRICE. 5 CENTS



ONE HUNDRED

Hymns and Songs



STANDARD SELECTIONS FOR THE USE OF  
PUBLIC SCHOOLS, SUNDAY  
SCHOOLS AND HOMES.



PUBLISHED BY J. B. BESSER

KUFTZTOWN, PA.





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*TENTH EDITION*

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## 1 THERE IS BEAUTY EVERYWHERE.

There is beauty in the skies at evening,  
There is beauty in the noonday bright,  
There is beauty in the radiant morning,  
There is beauty in the silent night.

Beauty, beauty ev'rywhere,  
Beauty, beauty ev'rywhere.

There is beauty in the rolling river,  
There is beauty in the sparkling rill,  
There is beauty in the lofty mountain,  
There is beauty in the verdant hill.

There is beauty in the joyous spring time,  
There is beauty when the bright leaves fall,  
There is beauty in the storms of winter,  
There is summer beauty more than all.

## 2 SHALL WE MEET.

Shall we meet beyond the river,  
Where the surges cease to roll?  
Where in all the bright forever,  
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

CHO.—Shall we meet, shall we meet,  
Shall we meet beyond the river?  
Shall we meet beyond the river,  
Where the surges cease to roll?

Shall we meet in the blest harbor,  
When our stormy voyage is o'er?  
Shall we meet and cast the anchor  
By the fair celestial shore.

Shall we meet in yonder city,  
 Where the tow'rs of crystal shine?  
 Where the walls are all of jasper,  
 Built by workmanship divine?

Shall we meet with Christ our Savior,  
 When he comes to claim his own?  
 Shall we know His blessed favor,  
 And sit down upon His throne?

### 3 SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

Sparkling and bright, in its liquid light,  
 Is the water in our glasses;  
 'Twill give you health, 'Twill give you wealth,  
 Ye lads and rosy lasses!

CHO.—Oh, then resign your ruby wine,  
 Each smiling son and daughter, [blood  
 There's nothing so good for the youthful  
 Or sweet as the sparkling water.

Better than gold is the water cold,  
 From the crystal fountain flowing;  
 A calm delight, both day and night,  
 To happy homes bestowing.

Sorrow has fled from hearts that bled,  
 Of the weeping wife and mother,  
 They have given up the poison'd cup,  
 Son, husband, daughter, brother.

### 4 THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father in heaven, we hallow Thy name,  
 May Thy Kingdom all holy on earth be the same:

O give to us daily our portion of bread ;  
It is from Thy bounty that all must be fed.

Forgive our transgressions and teach us to know  
That humble compassion that pardons each foe.  
Save us from temptation, from weakness and sin,  
And Thine be the glory forever.

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5           **SOFT MUSIC IS STEALING.**

Soft, soft music is stealing,  
Sweet, sweet lingers the strain.  
Loud, loud now it is pealing,  
Waking the echoes again.  
Yes, yes, yes, yes.

Join, join children of sadness,  
Send, send sorrow away ;  
Now, now changing to gladness  
Warble a beautiful lay.  
Yes, yes, yes, yes.

Sweet, sweet, melody's numbers,  
Hark ! Hark ! gently they swell,  
Deep, deep waking from slumber,  
Thoughts in the bosom that dwell.  
Yes, yes, yes, yes.

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6           **OVER THE SNOW.**

Over an ocean of beautiful snow,  
Merrily O ! merrily O !  
Swift as a bird in its flight we go,  
Merrily merrily O !

CHO.—Merrily, merrily O!  
 Merrily, merrily O!  
 Over the snow swiftly we go.  
 Merrily, merrily O!

Under the canopy gemmed with light,  
 Merrily O! merrily O!  
 Speed we away on our pathway bright,  
 Merrily, merrily O!

Mingling our singing with jingling of bells,  
 Merrily O! merrily O!  
 Over the valley our music swells,  
 Merrily, merrily O!

7

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### LIFE LET US CHERISH.

Life let us cherish,  
 While yet the taper glows.  
 And the fresh flow'ret  
 Pluck ere it close.

Why are we fond of toil and care,  
 Why choose the wrangling thorn to wear,  
 And headless by the lily stray,  
 Which blossoms on our way?

When clouds obscure the atmosphere,  
 And forked lightnings rend the air  
 The sun resumes his silver crest,  
 And smiles adorn the west.

The genial seasons soon are o'er,  
 Then let us, ere we quit this shore,  
 Contentment seek, it is life's zest,  
 The sunshine of the breast.



Away with every toil and care,  
 And cease the wrangling thorn to wear,  
 With manful hearts life's conflict meet,  
 Till death sounds the retreat.

8 **NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.**

Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee;  
 E'en though a cross it be,  
 That raiseth me ;  
 Still all my song shall be,  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee.

Though like a wanderer,  
 Daylight all gone ;  
 Darkness be over me,  
 My rest a stone,  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be,  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee.

There let my way appear  
 Steps unto heaven ;  
 All that Thou sendest me  
 In mercy given,  
 Angels to beckon me  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee.

Then, with my waking thoughts,  
 Bright with Thy praise,

Out of my stony griefs  
 Bethel I'll raise,  
 So by my woes to be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee.

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9

## O COME, COME AWAY.

O come, come away,  
 From labor now reposing,  
 Let busy care awhile forbear,  
 O come, come away.  
 Come, come, our social joys renew,  
 And there with trust and friendship, too  
 Let true hearts welcome you,  
 O come, come away.

From toil and from care,  
 On which the day is closing,  
 The hour of eve brings sweet reprieve,  
 O come, come away.  
 O come where love will smile on thee,  
 And round the heart will gladness be  
 And time fly merrily,  
 O come, come away.

While sweet Philomel,  
 The weary traveler cheering,  
 With evening song her notes prolong,  
 O come, come away.  
 In answ'ring song of sympathy,  
 We'll sing in tuneful harmony,  
 Of hope, joy, liberty,  
 O come, come away.

The bright day is gone,  
 The moon and stars appearing  
 With silv'ry light illumine the night,  
 O come, come away.  
 We'll join in grateful songs of praise,  
 To him who crowns our peaceful days,  
 With health, hope, happiness.  
 O come, come away.

10

## JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

7s, double.

Jesus, lover of my soul,  
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
 While the raging billows roll,  
 While the tempest still is high.  
 Hide me, O! my Savior hide,  
 Till the storm of life is past,  
 Safe into the haven guide,  
 O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,  
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me.  
 All my trust on Thee is stay'd,  
 All my help from Thee I bring,  
 Cover my defenceless head,  
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
 Grace to pardon all my sins :  
 Let the healing streams abound,  
 Make and keep me pure within.  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of Thee :  
 Spring Thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity.

## II CHRISTMAS ALL YEAR LONG.

*AIR* " *Auld Lang Syne.*"

Old Christmas came with ancient fame,  
 And all were joyful then ;  
 But must we mope, or wait in hope,  
 Till Christmas come again ?

CHO.—The seasons call, both one and all,  
 For glad and happy song ;  
 And they who bring their hearts to sing,  
 Keep Christmas all year long.

When winter reigns o'er hills and plains,  
 And wield his sceptre cold,  
 His royal hand bestrews the land  
 With blessings never told.

When spring succeeds with brilliant deeds,  
 In robes of verdure clad,  
 With queenly voice she bids rejoice,  
 And all the world is glad.

In length of days bright summer sways,  
 With youth and beauty crown'd,  
 At his behest the earth is blest,  
 And hope and joy abound.

And autumn brings rich golden things.  
 To meet the want of men,  
 His bounty pour'd, enough is stored  
 Till harvest comes again.

King Christmas, too, will come anew,  
 And all his blessings pour ;  
 But feasting glee must thankful be  
 For seasons gone before.

There is joy without alloy  
 That comes at Christmas tide :  
 Divinely giv'n, it comes from heav'n  
 At any time beside.

12                    **HOME, SWEET HOME.**

'Mid pleasure and palaces though we may roam,  
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home ;  
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,  
 Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-  
 where.

Home, home, sweet, sweet, home,  
 There's no place like home,  
 Oh ! There's no place like home.

I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,  
 And feel that my mother now thinks of her child,  
 As she looks on the moon from her own cottage door,  
 Thro' the wood-bine whose fragrance shall cheer  
 me no more.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,  
 Oh, give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again.  
 The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,  
 Give me them, and that peace of mind dearer than all.

13                    **COLUMBIA.**

Oh, Columbia, the gem of the ocean,  
 The home of the brave and the free,  
 The shrine of each patriot's devotion,  
 A world offers homage to thee,  
 Thy mandates make heroes assemble,  
 When Liberty's form stands in view ;

Thy banners make tyranny tremble,  
 When borne by the red, white and blue.

When war wing'd its wide desolation,  
 And threaten'd the land to deform,  
 The ark, then, of freedom's foundation,  
 Columbia rode safe thro' the storm ;  
 With her garlands of vict'ry around her,  
 When proudly she bore her brave crew,  
 With her flag proudly floating before her,  
 The boast of the red, white and blue.

The star spangled banner bring hither,  
 O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave ;  
 May the wreaths they have won never wither,  
 Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave.  
 May the service united ne'er sever,  
 But they still to their colors prove true,  
 The army and navy forever,  
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

14

## THE GOLDEN RULE.

C. M.

The golden rule, the golden rule,  
 Oh that's the law for me ;  
 Were this the law for all the world,  
 How happy we should be.

The golden rule, the golden rule,  
 Oh that's the law for me,  
 To do to others as I would  
 That they should do to me.

Were this the rule in harmony,  
 Our lives would pass away  
 And none would suffer, none be poor,  
 And none their trust betray,

## NATIONAL HYMN.

6s and 4s.

My country, 'tis of thee,  
 Sweet land of liberty,  
 Of thee I sing ;  
 Land where my fathers died,  
 Land of the pilgrim's pride,  
 From every mountain side  
 Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,  
 Land of the noble free,  
 Thy name I love.  
 I love thy rocks and rills,  
 Thy woods and templed hills,  
 My heart with rapture thrills,  
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze  
 And ring from all the trees  
 Sweet freedom's song.  
 Let mortal tongues awake ;  
 Let all that breathes partake :  
 Let rocks their silence break,  
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee,  
 Author of liberty,  
 To thee we sing ;  
 Long may our land be bright  
 With freedom's holy light ;  
 Protect us by thy might,  
 Great God, our King !

## THE LITTLE BUSY BEE.

7s and 11s.

O the little busy bee,  
 In the garden you may see

Gath'ring honey thro' the golden summer hours,  
 He is cheery and he's gay,  
 And intent he works away,  
 Storing treasures from the sweetest blooming flow'rs.

CHO.—Working, working in the sunbeams,  
 Gath'ring honey all the day,  
 O the little busy bee  
 Is the type for you and me,  
 For the winter he provides in sunny May.

When the lark springs from the corn,  
 In the early summer morn,  
 And ascends on wings of gladness to the sky,  
 O the little busy bee  
 To his labor goeth he,  
 You may hear his merry song as he goes by.

In the sultry glare of noon,  
 Still he sings his merry tune,  
 As he ranges thro' the depth of some bright dell,  
 If you try to shut him in,  
 You will hear a pretty din,  
 And may chance to get an angry blow as well.

When the slowly sinking sun  
 Tells that day is nearly done,  
 Then the little bee no more inclined to roam,  
 With his laden bag and thighs,  
 Like an earnest worker hies,  
 To the lowly straw-built cot where is his home.

### LIGHTLY ROW.

Lightly row! Lightly row!  
 O'er the glassy waves we go;  
 Smoothly glide! Smoothly glide!



On the silent tide.  
 Let the winds and waters be  
 Mingled with our melody,  
 Sing and float! Sing and float!  
 In our little boat.

Far away! Far away!  
 Echo in the rock at play,  
 Calleth not! Calleth not!  
 To this lonely spot,  
 Only with the sea-bird's note,  
 Shall our dying music float.  
 Lightly row! Lightly row!  
 Echo's voice is low.

Lightly row! Lightly row!  
 O'er the glassy waves we go.  
 Smoothly glide! Smoothly glide!  
 On the silent tide.  
 Let the winds and waters be  
 Mingled with our melody;  
 Sing and float! Sing and float!  
 In our little boat.

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18            **WEEP FOR THE FALLEN.**

Weep for the fallen! hang your heads in sorrow,  
 And mournfully sing the requiem sad and slow.  
 Thousands have perished dy the fell destroyer,  
     Oh, weep for youth and beauty,  
     Oh, weep for youth and beauty, [low!  
 Oh, weep for youth and beauty in the grave laid

Voices of wailing tell of hopeless anguish,  
 While sorrowing mothers bid us onward go.  
 Hark! to their accents, they the broken-hearted,  
     Who weep for youth and beauty,

Who weep for youth and beauty, [low!  
 Who weep for youth and beauty in the grave laid

Hear how they bid us sound the timely warning,  
 While yet there is hope to shun the cup of woe,  
 For is it nothing, ye who see no danger,  
     To weep for youth and beauty,  
     To weep for youth and beauty, [low!  
 To weep for youth and beauty in the grave laid

Weep for the fallen ! but amid your sorrow,  
 Forget not the Cross that freedom can bestow,  
 Rescue the nation from the fell destroyer,  
     For why should youth and beauty,  
     For why should youth and beauty, [low?  
 For why should youth and beauty in the grave lie

19

### NEVER SAY FAIL.

Keep working, 'tis wiser than sitting aside,  
     Never, oh, never say fail !  
 And dreaming, and singing, and waiting the tide ;  
     Never, oh, never say fail !  
 In life's earnest battle they only prevail,  
 Who daily march onward and never say fail !  
     Never say fail ! Never say fail !  
     Never, oh, never say fail !

In life's rosy morning, in manhood's fair pride,  
     Never, oh, never say fail !  
 Let this be your motto ; your footsteps to guide,  
     Never, oh, never say fail !  
 In storm and in sunshine whatever assail,  
 Push onward and conquer, and never say fail !  
     Never say fail ! Never say fail !  
     Never, oh, never say fail !

20

## BEULAH LAND.

I've reached a land of corn and wine,  
 And all its riches freely mine ;  
 Here shines undimm'd one blissful day,  
 For all my night has passed away.

CHO.—O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land,  
 As on thy highest mount I stand,  
 I look away across the sea,  
 Where mansions are prepared for me,  
 And view the shining glory shore ;  
 My heav'n, my home forever more.

The Savior comes and walks with me,  
 And sweet communion here have we ;  
 He gently leads me by the hand,  
 For this is heaven's border land.

The zephyrs seem to float to me,  
 Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,  
 As angels with the white-robed throng  
 Join in the sweet redemption song.

21

## IF A BODY FINDS A LESSON.

MELODY—“*Comin' Through the Rye.*”

If a body finds a lesson  
 Rather hard and dry,  
 If nobody comes to 'show' him,  
 Need a body cry?  
 If he's little time to study  
 Should he stop and sigh ?  
 Ere he says 'I can not get it,'  
 Ought he not to TRY ?

If a body scans his lesson  
 With a steady eye,

All its hardness he will conquer,—  
 Conquer by and by.  
 Then how neatly he'll recite it,  
 Face not all awry !  
 Ne'er again he'll say '*I can not!*'  
 But will go and TRY !

---

22

## THE KING AND MILLER.

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,  
 Beside the river Dee ;  
 He work'd and sang from morn till night,  
 No lark more blithe than he ;  
 And this the burden of his song  
 Forever used to be :  
 " I envy no one—no, not I !  
 And no one envies me !"

" Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said old king Hal,  
 " As wrong as wrong can be ;  
 For could my heart be light as thine,  
 I'd gladly change with thee.  
 And tell me now : what makes thee sing  
 With voice so loud and free,  
 While I am sad, though I'm a King,  
 Beside the river Dee !"

The miller smiled and doffed his cap—  
 " I earn my bread," quoth he,  
 " I love my wife, I love my friend,  
 I love my children three.  
 I owe no one I cannot pay,  
 I thank the river Dee,  
 That turns the mill that grinds the corn  
 To feed my babes and me."

" Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,  
 " Farewell and happy be :  
 But say no more, if thou'dst be true,  
 That no one envies thee.  
 Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,  
 Thy mill my kingdom fee,  
 Such men as thou are England's boast,  
 Oh, miller of the Dee !"

23

### A ROSY CROWN.

A rosy crown we twine for thee,  
 Of Flora's richest treasure,  
 We lead thee forth to dance and glee,  
 To mirth and youthful pleasure.

Take, O take the rosy, the rosy crown,  
 Take, O take the rosy, the rosy crown.

The myrtle, thyme, and eglantine,  
 One blended wreath discloses ;  
 And bid their fragrant breath combine  
 With those emblushing roses.

We bade the fairest flowers that grow,  
 Their varied tribute render,  
 To shine above that brow of snow,  
 In all their sunny splendor.

Then deign to wear the wreath we twine,  
 Thy beauteous ringlets shading ;  
 And be its charms a type of thine,  
 In all except their fading.

24

### THE MOWER'S SONG.

When early morning's ruddy light  
 Bids man to labor go :

We haste with scythes all sharp and bright  
 The meadow grass to mow,  
 We mowers, dal de ral day,  
 We cut the lilies and—

CHO.—Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!  
 Hey, dey, dey, yes, hey, dey, day,  
 We cut the lilies and hay.

The cheerful lark sings sweet and clear,  
 The blackbird chirps away,  
 And all is lively, sprightly here  
 Like merry, merry May.  
 We mowers, dal de ral day,  
 We roll the swath of green—

CHO.—Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!  
 Hey, dey, dey, yes, hey, dey, day,  
 We roll the swath of green hay.

The maidens come in gladsome train,  
 And skip along their way,  
 Rejoiced to tread the grassy plain,  
 And toss the new-mown hay,  
 The maidens, dal de ral day,  
 They rake the lilies—

CHO.—Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!  
 Hey, dey, dey, yes, hey, dey, day,  
 They rake the lilies and hay.

## 25 ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME.

C. M.

All hail the power of Jesus' name,  
 Let angels prostrate fall,  
 Bring forth the royal diadem,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
 The wormwood and the gall,  
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,  
 On this terrestrial ball,  
 To Him all majesty ascribe,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

---

26

### TWILIGHT IS FALLING.

Twilight is stealing over the sea,  
 Shadows are falling dark on the lea:  
 Borne on the night winds voices of yore  
 Come from the far-off shore.

CHO.—Far away beyond the star-lit skies,  
 Where the love-light never, never dies,  
 Gleaneth a mansion fill'd with delight,  
 Sweet, happy home so bright.

Voices of lov'd ones ! songs of the past !  
 Still linger round me, while life shall last,  
 Lonely I wander, sadly I roam,  
 Seeking that far-off home.

Come in the twilight, come, come to me !  
 Bringing some message over the sea,  
 Cheering my pathway while here I roam,  
 Seeking that far-off home.

---

27

### AWAY TO SCHOOL.

Our youthful hearts for learning burn,  
 Away, away to school :  
 To science now our steps we turn ;

Away, away to school.  
 We turn from home and all its charms,  
 And leave our parents' loving arms ;  
 Away to school, away to school,  
 Away, away to school.

Behold ! a happy band appears :  
 Away, away to school.  
 The shout of joy now fills our ears :  
 Away, away to school.  
 Our voices ring in music sweet,  
 When with our friends in school we meet,  
 Away to school, away to school,  
 Away, away to school.

No more we roam in idle play,  
 Away, away to school.  
 In study now we spend the day !  
 Away, away to school.  
 United in a peaceful band  
 We're join'd in heart, we're join'd in hand,  
 Away to school, away to school,  
 Away, away to school.

## 28 THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

||: Down the stream so cheerily  
 Beside the mill we row,  
 Where the echoes merrily  
 Their playful chorus throw ; :||

CHO.—Tra la la la, la la la la la la la la la  
 Tra la la la la la la la la la la  
 To the pretty Natalie  
 A passing draught we fill,  
 Sweetly singing there,  
 Where tic-tac, tic-tac goes the mill,



Tic-tac tic-tac goes the mill,  
Tic-tac goes the mill.

When we call, oh, rapidly  
She answers us again,  
And stops the wheel right steadily,  
To hear our homeward strain.

Parting, then, regretfully,  
We turn the dark'ning hill,  
With "Pretty maid, adieu,"  
And tic-tac, tic-tac goes the mill.

---

## 29 COME, CHEERFUL COMPANIONS.

Come, cheerful companions, unite in our song,  
Here's to the friends we love !  
May bountiful Heaven their sweet lives prolong !  
Here's to the friends we love !

### CHORUS.

Oh, sympathy deepens whenever we sing ;  
Friendship's the mystical word in our ring ;  
Here's to our friends !  
Here's to our friends !  
Here's to the friends we love !

And first, the dear parents who watch o'er our youth,  
They are the friends we love !  
And next are the teachers who tell us of truth,  
They are the friends we love !

Next, think of the absent to all us dear,  
They are the friends we love !

Oh, would they were with us, we would they were  
They are the friends we love ! [here !

And here's to the good, and the wise, and the true,  
 They are the friends we love !  
 Their beautiful lives are for me and for you,  
 They are the friends we love !

---

30            ROSE OF ALLANDALE.

The morn was fair, the skies were clear,  
 No breath came o'er the sea,  
 When Mary left her highland cot,  
 And wander'd forth with me.  
 The flowers deck'd the mountain side,  
 And fragrance fill'd the vale.  
 By far the sweetest flower there  
 The rose of Allandale.

CHO.—'Twas the rose of Allandale,  
 'Twas the rose of Allandale.

Where'er I wander'd, east or west,  
 Tho' fate began to lower,  
 A solace still was she to me,  
 In sorrow's lonely hour ;  
 When tempests lash'd our gallant bark,  
 And rent her shivering sail,  
 One maiden form withstood the storm,  
 'Twas the rose of Allandale.

And when my fever'd lips were parch'd  
 On burning Afric's sand,  
 She whisper'd notes of happiness,  
 And tales of distant land :  
 My life had been a wilderness,  
 Unblest by fortune's gale,  
 Had fate not link'd my lot to hers,  
 The rose of Allandale.

## 31 WAKE, WAKE THE MORNING.

IO, II, II, II.

Wake, wake the morning, bright the golden ray!  
 All our hearts rejoicing hail the newborn day.  
 Come, O Lord, our Savior, bless our youthful hand,  
 Grant us heavenly favor ; guard us with Thy hand.

Wake, wake the morning ; happy, happy day,  
 All our hearts and voices grateful homage pay.  
 May the King of Glory from his throne above,  
 Shed his gentle spirit, fill our hearts with love.

Wake, wake the morning, joyful tidings bear ;  
 Children's hearts and voices blend in grateful pray'r.  
 Come, O Lord, our Savior, make us all thine own  
 Like the pure, sweet angels dwelling round thy  
 throne.

## 32 THE SILENTLY FALLING SNOW.

In flakes of a feathery white,  
 'Tis falling so gently and slow ;  
 Oh, pleasant to me is the sight,  
 When silently falling the snow ;  
 Snow, snow, snow,  
 When silently falling the snow ;  
 Snow, snow, snow,  
 When silently falling the snow.

The earth is all covered to-day,  
 With mantle of radiant snow.  
 It sparkles and shines in the ray  
 In crystals of glittering snow ;  
 || Snow, snow, snow,  
 In crystals of glittering snow. ||

Oh, happy the snow-birds I see,  
 While hopping and flitting they go !

They tell of a lesson to me,  
 While feeding in beautiful snow,  
 ||Snow, snow, snow,  
 While feeding in beautiful snow.||

How spotless it seems and how pure,  
 I would that my spirit were so !  
 Then, long as my soul shall endure,  
 More brightly I'd shine than the snow.  
 ||Snow, snow, snow,  
 More brightly I'd shine than the snow.||

But soon with the breath of the spring,  
 Down streamlets and rivers 'twill flow,  
 The seasons of summer will bring  
 Bright flowers of silvery snow,  
 ||Snow, snow, snow,  
 Bright flowers of silvery snow.||

33

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**BONNIE DOON.**

Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon,  
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair,  
 How can ye sing, ye little birds,  
 And I sae weary full of care?  
 You'll break my heart, ye little bird,  
 That wanton through the flowring thorn,  
 Ye mind me of departed joys,  
 Departed, never to return.

Oft have I strayed by bonnie Doon,  
 To see the rose and woodbine twine ;  
 Where ilka bird sang of his love,  
 And fondly sae did I o' mine,  
 With lightsome heart I pulled a rose,  
 Full sweet upon its thorny tree,

But my false lover stole the rose,  
And left the thorn behind to me.

34

---

**AMERICA.**

6s and 4s.

God bless our native land !  
Firm may she ever stand,  
Through storm and night ;  
When the wild tempests rave,  
Ruler of wind and wave,  
Do thou our country save  
By thy great might !

For her our pray'rs shall rise  
To God above the skies,  
On him we wait.  
Thou who art ever nigh,  
Guarding with watchful eye,  
To thee aloud we cry,  
God save the state !

---

**LITTLE THINGS.**

6s and 5s.

Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean  
And the beauteous land.

And the little moments,  
Humble though they be,  
Make the mighty ages,  
Of eternity.

So our little errors,  
Lead the soul away,  
From the path of virtue,  
Oft 'in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,  
 Little words of love,  
 Make our earth an Eden  
 Like the Heaven above.

Little seeds of mercy,  
 Sown by youthful hands,  
 Grow to bless the nations  
 Far in heathen lands.

36

### FOLLOW ME FULL OF GLEE.

Children go, to and fro,  
 In a merry, pretty row,  
 Footsteps light, faces bright,  
 'Tis a happy, happy sight.  
 Swiftly turning round and round,  
 Do not look upon the ground ;  
 Follow me, full of glee,  
 Singing merrily,

CHO.—Singing merrily, merrily, merrily,  
 Sing merrily, merrily, merrily,  
 Follow me, full of glee,  
 Singing merrily.

Birds are frae, so are we,  
 And we live as happily ;  
 Work we do, study too,  
 Learning daily something new,  
 Then we laugh and dance and sing,  
 Gay as birds or anything,  
 Follow me, full of glee,  
 Singing merrily.

Work is done, play's begun,  
 Now 'we have our laugh and fun ;

Happy days, pretty days,  
 And no naughty, naughty ways,  
 Holding fast each other's hand,  
 We're a happy, cheerful band,  
 Follow me, full of glee,  
 Singing merrily.

37

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**AULD LANG SYNE.**

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And never brought to mind?  
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And days of auld lang syne?

CHO.—For auld lang syne, my dear,  
 For auld lang syne ;  
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e run aboot the braes,  
 And pu'd the gowans fine ;  
 But we've wandered many a weary foot  
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e sporten i' the burn  
 Frae mornin' sun till dine,  
 But seas between us braid ha'e roared,  
 Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty frien',  
 And gie's a hand o'thine,  
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne.

---

**38 TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR.**

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
 How I wonder what you are,

Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky.

CHO.—Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are.

When the blazing sun is gone,  
When he nothing shines upon,  
Then you show your little light,  
Twinkle, twinkle all the night.

Then the trav'ler in the dark  
Thanks you for your tiny sparks ;  
He could not see which way to go,  
If you would not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,  
While you through my window peep,  
And you nevsr shut your eye,  
Till the sun is in the sky.

39

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### HOME, CAN I FORGET THEE.

Home, home, can I forget Thee,  
Dear, dear, dearly loved home.  
No, no, still I regret thee,  
Tho' I may far from thee roam.  
Home, home, home, home,  
Dearest and happiest home,  
Home, home, why did I leave thee?  
Dear, dear friends, do not mourn.  
Home, home, once more receive me,  
Quick to thee I'll return.

40

---

### HAPPY LAND.

'There is a happy land,  
Far, far away,

6s and 4s



Where saints in glory stand,  
 Bright, bright as day ;  
 Oh, how they sweetly sing,  
 Worthy is our Savior King,  
 Loud let His praises ring,  
 Praise, praise for aye !

Bright in that happy land,  
 Beams ev'ry eye ;  
 Kept by a Father's hand,  
 Love cannot die.  
 Oh, then to glory run :  
 Be a crown and kingdom won,  
 And bright above the sun,  
 We'll reign for aye !

Come to that happy land,  
 Come, come away,  
 Why will ye doubting stand,  
 Why still delay ?  
 Oh, we shall happy be,  
 When from sin and sorrow free,  
 Lord, we shall live with Thee,  
 Blest, blest for aye !

41

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### DECK THE HALL.

Deck the hall with boughs of holly,  
 Fa la la la la la la la.  
 'Tis the season to be jolly,  
 Fa la la la la la la la,  
 Don we now our gay apparel,  
 Troll the ancient Christmas carol,  
 Fa la la la la la la la.

See the blazing yule before us,  
 Fa la la la la la la la.

Strike the harp and join the chorus,  
 Fa la la la la la la la la,  
 Follow me in merry measure,  
 While I tell of Christmas treasure,  
 Fa la la la la la la la la.

Fast away the old year passes,  
 Fa la la la la la la la la,  
 Hail the new, ye lads and lasses,  
 Fa la la la la la la la la.  
 Sing we joyous all together,  
 Heedless of the wind and weather,  
 Fa la la la la la la la la.

---

42 MOUNTAIN MAID'S INVITATION.

Come, come, come,  
 O'er the hills free from care,  
 In my home true pleasures share,  
 Blossoms sweet, flowers most rare,  
 Come where joys are found.  
 Here the sparkling dews of morn,  
 Tree and shrub with gems adorn,  
 Jewels bright, gaily worn,  
 Beauty all around.  
 Tra la la la la la la,  
 Tra la la la la la la,  
 Jewels bright, gaily worn,  
 Beauty all around.

Come, come, come,  
 Not a sigh, not a tear,  
 E'er if found in sadness here,  
 Music soft breathing near,  
 Charms away each care.  
 Birds in joyous hours among

Hill and dale with grateful song,  
 Dearest strains here prolong,  
 Vocal all the air,  
 Tra la la la la la la  
 Tra la la la la la la,  
 Dearest strains here prolong,  
 Vocal all the air.

Come, come, come,  
 When the day's gently gone,  
 Evening shadows coming on,  
 Then by love kindly won,  
 Truest bliss be thine.  
 Ne'er was found a bliss so pure,  
 Never joys so long endure,  
 Who would not love secure?  
 Who would joys decline?  
 Tra la la la la la la  
 Tra la la la la la la,  
 Who would not love secure?  
 Who would joys decline?

### 43                    HOBBY-HORSE.

Hop, hop, hop! nimble as a top,  
 Where 'tis smooth and where 'tis stony,  
 Trudge along my little pony,  
 Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop! nimble as a top.

Whoa, whoa, whoa! how like fun you go!  
 Very well, my little pony,  
 Safe's our jaunt tho' rough and stony,  
 Spare, spare, spare, spare, spare! sure enough  
 we're there.

Here, here, here! yes, my pony dear:  
 Now with oats and hay I'll treat you!

And with smiles will ever greet you,  
Pony, pony dear ! yes my pony dear.

#### 44 FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise,  
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.  
Thou stock dove, whose echo resounds from the hill  
Ye wild whistling black-birds in your thorny dell,  
Thou greencrested lapwing, thy screaming forbea  
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hill,  
Far marked with the courses of clear winding rills  
There daily I wander as morn rises high,  
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.  
How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,  
Where wild in the woodlands the primrose blow !  
There oft, as mild evening creeps over the lea,  
The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides  
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides !  
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,  
As gath'ring sweet flowrets, she stems thy clear wave  
Flow gently, sweet afton, among thy green braes,  
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays :  
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

#### 45

#### UPIDEE.

The shades of night were falling fast,  
Tra la la, Tra la la,

As through a mountain village passed,  
 Tra la la la la,  
 A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
 A banner with the strange device:

CHO.—Upideei, deei, da, Upidee, Upida,  
 Upideei, deei da, Upideeida!

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath,  
 Tra la la, Tra la la,  
 Flashed like a falchion from his sheath,  
 Tra la la la la,  
 And like a silver clarion rung  
 The accents of that unknown tongue.

“O stay,” the maiden said, “and rest,  
 Tra la la, Tra la la,  
 Thy weary head upon my breast !”  
 Tra la la la la.  
 A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
 But still he answered with a sigh.

6

### MILL MAY.

The strawberries grow in the mowing, Mill May,  
 And the bobolink sings on the tree ;  
 On the knolls the red clover is growing, Mill May,  
 Then come to the meadow with me.

#### CHORUS.

Yes, come, the ripe clusters among the thick grass,  
 We'll pick in the mowing, Mill May, Mill May.  
 And the long afternoon together we'll pass,  
 When the clover is growing, Mill May, Mill May,  
 When the clover is growing, Mill May.

Come, come, ere the season is over Mill May,  
 To the fields where the strawberries grow :

While the thick growing stems and the clover, Mill  
Shall meet us wherever we go. [May,

The sun slanting under your bonnet, Mill May,  
Will soon bring a soft glow to your face,  
And your lip—the strawberries leave on it, Mill May  
A tint that the sea shell would grace.

#### 47 PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

I've traveled about a bit in my time,  
And of troubles I've seen a few :  
But found it better in every clime,  
To paddle my own canoe.  
My wants they are small, I care not at all,  
If my debts are paid when due,  
I drive away strife in the ocean of life,  
When I paddle my own canoe.

CHO.—Then love your neighbor as yourself,  
As the world you go traveling through,  
And never sit down with a tear or a frown,  
But paddle your own canoe.

It's all very well to depend on a friend,  
That is, if you've proved him true,  
But you'll find it better by far in the end,  
To paddle your own canoe.  
To borrow is dearer by far than to buy,  
A maxim, though old, still true,  
You never will sigh if you only will try  
To paddle your own canoe.

If a hurricane rise in the midday skies,  
And the sun be lost to view,  
Move steadily by with a steadfast eye,  
And paddle your own canoe.

The daisies that grow in the bright, green fields  
 Are blooming full sweet for you,  
 So never sit down with a tear or a frown,  
 But paddle your own canoe.

## 8 TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP.

In the prison cell I sit, thinking, mother, dear, of  
 you,  
 And our bright and happy home so far away,  
 And the tears they fill my eyes, spite of all that I  
 can do,  
 Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

### CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,  
 Cheer up comrades, they will come,  
 And beneath the starry flag we shall breathe the  
 air again,  
 Of our free land in our own beloved home.

In the battle front we stood when their fiercest  
 charge they made  
 And they swept us of a hundred men or more ;  
 But before we reached their lines, they were beaten  
 back dismay'd  
 And we heard the cry of victory o'er and o'er.

So within the prison cell we are waiting for the day  
 That shall come to open wide the iron door,  
 And the hollow eye grows bright, and the poor  
 heart almost gay,  
 As we think of seeing home and friends once more.

## WHEN THE GREEN LEAVES.

When the green leaves come again, my love,  
 When the green leaves come again,  
 Why put on a dark and cloudy face,  
 When the green leaves, when the green leaves  
 When the green leaves come again.

Ah ! this spring will still be like the last,  
 Of its promise false and vain,  
 And the summer die in winter's arms,  
 Ere the green leaves come again.

So the seasons pass, and so our lives,  
 Yet I never will complain ;  
 But I sigh, while yet I know not why—  
 When the green leaves come again.

Nay, lift up your thankful eyes, my love !  
 Thinking less of grief and pain,  
 For as long as hill and vale shall last,  
 Will the green leaves come again.

Sure as earth lives under winter's snow,  
 Sure as love lives under pain,—  
 It is good to sing with everything,  
 When the green leaves come again.

50

## OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Way down upon the Swanee river,  
 Far, far away,  
 There's where my heart is turning ever,  
 There's where the old folks stay.  
 All up and down the whole creation,  
 Sadly I roam,  
 Still longing for the old plantation,  
 And the old folks at home.



CHO.—All the world is sad and dreary,  
 Ev'rywhere I roam,  
 Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary,  
 Far from the old folks at home.

One little hut among the bushes,  
 One that I love,  
 Still sadly over my mem'ry rushes,  
 No matter where I rove ;  
 When will I see the bees a-humming,  
 All round the comb ?  
 When shall I hear the banjo thuming,  
 Down in my good old home ?

All round the little farm I wandered,  
 When I was young,  
 Then my happy days I squandered,  
 Many the songs I sung.  
 When I was playing with my brother,  
 Happy was I,  
 Oh, take me back to my kind mother,  
 There let me live and die.

### BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

His eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the  
 Lord ;  
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of  
 wrath are stored ;  
 He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible  
 swift sword,  
 His truth is marching on.

CHO.—Glory ! glory hallelujah !  
 His truth is marching on.

He has seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred cir-  
 cling camps,

They have builded Him an altar in the evening  
 dews and damps,  
 I can read His righteous sentence in the dim and  
 flaring lamps,  
 His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows  
 steel,  
 As ye deal with my contemners, so with you  
 grace shall deal.  
 Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with  
 his heel,  
 Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never  
 call retreat,  
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judg-  
 ment seat ;  
 Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! be jubilant  
 my feet !  
 Our God is marching on.

52

### SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer  
 That calls me from a world of care,  
 Ank bids me at my Father's throne  
 Make all my wants and wishes known.  
 In seasons of distress and grief  
 My soul has often found relief,  
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare  
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer  
 Thy wings shall my petition bear  
 To Him, whose truth and faithfulness,  
 Engage the waiting soul to bless.

And since He bids me seek His face,  
 Believe His word and trust His grace,  
 I'll cast to Him my every care,  
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !  
 May I thy consolation share :  
 Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,  
 I view my home and take my flight,  
 This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise  
 To seize the everlasting prize  
 And shout while passing through the air,  
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

### SWINGING.

Oh the sports of childhood !  
 Roaming through the wildwood,  
 Running o'er the meadows, happy and free,  
 But my heart's a-beating,  
 For the old time greeting,  
 Swinging 'neath the old apple-tree.

HO.—Swinging, swinging, swinging, swinging,  
 Lulling care to rest 'neath the old apple-  
 tree.

Swinging, swinging, swinging, swinging,  
 Swinging 'neath the the old apple-tree.

Swaying in the sunbeams,  
 Floating in the shadow,  
 Sailing on the breezes, happy and free ;  
 Chasing all our sadness,  
 Shouting in our gladness,  
 Swinging 'neath the old apple-tree.

Oh, the sports of childhood !  
 Roaming thro' the wildwood,

Swinging o'er the meadow, happy and free,  
 How my heart's a-beating,  
 Thinking of the greeting,  
 Swinging 'neath the old apple-tree.

#### 54 JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

Just before the battle, mother,  
 I am thinking most of you,  
 While upon the field we're watching,  
 With the enemy in view—  
 Comrades brave around me lying,  
 Filled with thoughts of home and God,  
 For well we know that on the morrow,  
 Some will sleep beneath the sod.

CHO.—Farewell, mother, you may never  
 Press me to your heart again,  
 But oh, you'll not forget me, mother,  
 If I'm numbered with the slain.

Oh, I long to see you, mother,  
 And the loving ones at home,  
 But I'll never leave our banner,  
 Till in honor I can come.  
 Tell the traitors all around you,  
 That their cruel words we know,  
 In ev'ry battle kill our soldiers,  
 By the help they give the foe.

Hark! I hear the bugles sounding,  
 'Tis the signal for the fight.  
 Now, may God protect us, mother,  
 As he ever does the right.  
 Hear the "Battle Cry of Freedom,"  
 How it swells upon the air,  
 Oh, yes, we'll rally round the standard,  
 Or we'll perish nobly there.

## 55 GOOD-BYE.

Farewell, farewell is a lonely sound  
 And always brings a sigh,  
 But give to me, when loved ones part,  
 That sweet old word "good-bye."

CHO.—That sweet old word "good-bye,"  
 But give to me, when loved ones part,  
 That sweet old word "good-bye."

Farewell, farewell may do for gay,  
 When pleasure's throng is nigh,  
 But give to me that better word  
 That comes from the heart, "good-bye."

Adieu, adieu, we hear it oft  
 With a tear, perhaps with a sigh,  
 But the heart feels most when the lips move not  
 And the eye speaks the gentle "good-bye."

Farewell, farewell is never heard  
 When the tear 's in the mother's eye,  
 Adieu, adieu, she speaks it not,  
 But, my love, "good-bye," "good-bye."

## 56 WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

Work, for the night is coming,  
 Work through the morning hours,  
 Work while the dew is sparkling,  
 Work 'mid springing flowers;  
 Work when the day grows brighter,  
 Work in the glowing sun,  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming,  
 Work through the sunny noon ;  
 Full brightest hours with labor,  
 Rest comes sure and soon  
 Give every flying minute  
 Something to keep in store ;  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,  
 Under the sunset skies ;  
 While their bright tints are glowing,  
 Work, for the daylight flies :  
 Work till the last beam fadeth,  
 Fadeth to shine no more,  
 Work, while the night is dark'ning,  
 When man's work is over.

57

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**MARYLAND.**

The despot's heel is on thy shore,  
 Maryland ! my Maryland !  
 His touch is at thy temple door,  
 Maryland ; my Maryland !  
 Avenge the patriotic gore  
 That flecked the streets of Baltimore,  
 And be the battle queen of yore,  
 Maryland ! my Maryland !

Dear mother ! burst the tyrant's chain,  
 Maryland ! my Maryland !  
 Virginia should not call in vain,  
 Maryland ! my Maryland !  
 She meets her sisters on the plain ;  
 " Sic semper," 'tis the fond refrain  
 That baffles millions back again,  
 Maryland ! my Maryland !

I hear the distant thunder hum,  
 Maryland! my Maryland!  
 The Old' Line's bugle, fife and drum,  
 Maryland! my Maryland!  
 She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb,  
 Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum,  
 She breathes,—she burns, she'll come, she'll come  
 Maryland! my Maryland!

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58

## A, B, C.

The A, B, C, is pleasant to me,  
 I'm learning all the day,  
 Whene'er I look on the page of a book  
 I can see but A, B, C.

CHO.—A, B, C, D, E, F, G,  
 H, I, J, K; L, M, N, O, P,  
 And down to X, Y, Z.

If I can fix these marks twenty-six  
 In my careless little head,  
 I'll read every book as soon as I look,  
 At the letters o'er it spread.

I now will learn them all in their turn,  
 The letters large and small,  
 For how can I spell or pronounce them well  
 Till I have learned them all.

The bees and flies have bright little eyes,  
 But they cannot read like me:  
 They crawl on the book and seem to look,  
 But they don't know A, B, C.

## ONWARD.

“Onward, onward, ever onward,”  
 Is the nation’s cry ;  
 “Freedom’s cause will never languish,”  
 One and all reply.

CHO.—Shout aloud the joyful chorus  
 To the land we love,  
 For who loveth not his country  
 Must unfaithful prove.

Onward, onward, land we cherish,  
 Bound by union’s tie,  
 May the banner waving o’er us  
 Ever float on high.

Onward, let our noble country  
 Ever lead the van,  
 Trusting in the God of nations  
 For the guiding hand.

## THE SCHOOL.

To our school, happy school, we will go,  
 To our books and slates, haste away ;  
 And in school all our time well employ,  
 Never leaving to idle or play.

## CHORUS.

To our school we will go,  
 Though the wind and the storm may be near,  
 To our school we will go,  
 ‘Tis the home of our childhood so dear.

To our school, pleasant school, we will go,  
 And in youth every moment employ.



To improve mind and heart we will try, .  
And our life will be pleasure and joy.

To our school, pleasant school, we will go,  
Where are friendships that never shall fade,  
Where are hopes that are tender and pure,  
Bursting forth into life newly made.

61

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### GAY AND HAPPY.

We're the school that's gay and happy,  
In our places always found ;  
When the bell rings out its welcome,  
'Tis to me a merry sound.

CHO.—So let our playmates roam as they will,  
Here we will be happy still,  
Reading, spelling, playing, singing,  
We'll be gay and happy still.

If we only do our duty,  
Faithful follow every rule,  
Then we shall be glad and happy  
In our ever pleasant school.

Let us ever, as true scholars,  
Mind the lessons we are taught,  
None but idle, disobedient,  
In the dunce's seat are caught.

62

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### SHERMAN.

Hail, glorious chief, the country's pride,  
For victory follows thee :  
Thy fame is spreading far and wide,  
Great chieftain of the free,  
The bravest army in the world.

Is being led by you,  
 While freedom's banner is unfurled,  
 By the bonnie boys in blue.

CHO.—O, General Sherman, O,  
 O, General Sherman, O,  
 The boys in blue will fight with you,  
 O, General Sherman, O.

On Shiloh's bloody battle-field  
 He met Old Beauregard :  
 Who found that Sherman would not yield,  
 And he took it very hard.  
 He'd water his horse in the Tennessee,  
 That's what he said he'd do,  
 But Billy Sherman got in the way,  
 With the bonnie boys in blue.

And when the rebels of Vicksburg's heights,  
 Were all corralled by Grant,  
 Joe Johnston thought he'd give us fits,  
 But Sherman said you can't.  
 Joe Johnston found there were some things  
 That he could never do,  
 He has to run when Sherman brings  
 His bonnie boys in blue.

On Mission Ridge he met the foe,  
 With Thomas and with Grant,  
 And on that glorious field you know,  
 Our banners they did plant.  
 Old Bragg and all his army fled,  
 What else could Braxton do,  
 When Grant and Sherman nobly led  
 The bonnie boys in blue.

Atlanta next was Sherman's aim,  
 Though Dalton blocked the way.

But flanking was the kind of game  
 That Sherman knew would pay.  
 Joe Johnston found that to retreat  
 Was all the way to do,  
 For it was dangerous to meet  
 The bonnie boys in blue.

From Dalton down to Tennessee,  
 Joe Johnston did retreat,  
 From there he found he must withdraw  
 Or meet a sore defeat.  
 Says Hood I'll try the flanking game,  
 But he did'nt make it pay,  
 While Thomas brought Old Hood to shame,  
 Sherman went his way.

63

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**COLUMBIA.**

*AIR — "Auld Lang Syne."*

Columbia, my native home,  
 If e'er my fate should be  
 In foreign lands to toil or roam,  
 My heart will cling to thee.

Columbia! O how I prize  
 Thee, native land of mine,  
 Italia's blue and sunny skies  
 Are not more bright than thine.

Columbia, no other land  
 Is half so good, so free:  
 Tho' diadems may them command,  
 Thy laurel wreaths for me.

Columbia, where'er I go,  
 My heart will ever be,  
 Thro' joy or grief, thro' weal or woe,  
 My native land with thee.

64

## MARCHING ALONG.

The children are gath'ing from near and from far,  
 The trumpet is sounding the call for the war,  
 The conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and long,  
 We'll gird on our armor, and be marching along.

## CHORUS.

Marching along, we are marching along,  
 Gird on the armor and be marching along,  
 The conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and long,  
 Then gird on the armor and be marching along.

The foe is before us in battle array,  
 But let us not waver, not turn from the way,  
 The Lord is our strength, be this ever our song,  
 With courage and faith we are marching along.

Thro' conflicts and trials our crowns we must win,  
 For here we contend 'gainst temptation and sin ;  
 But one thing assures us, we cannot go wrong,  
 If trusting our Savior while marching along.

## 65 A CHARGE TO KEEP I HAVE.

S. M.

A charge to keep I have,  
 A God to gloryfy ;  
 A never-dying soul to save,  
 And fit it for the sky.

To serve the present age,  
 My calling to fulfill ;  
 O may it all my pow'rs engage  
 To do my Master's will.

Arm me with jealous care,  
 As in Thy sight to live,

And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give.

Help me to watch and pray,  
And on Thyself rely :  
Assur'd If I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die.

---

**66 ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOR BLEED.**

C. M.

Alas! and did my Savior bleed,  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Would He devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?

Thy body slain, dear Jesus, Thine,  
And bathed in its own blood,  
While all exposed to wrath divine,  
The glorious sufferer stood.

Was it for crimes that I had done,  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When God, the mighty Maker, died  
For man, the creature's sin.

---

**67 AM I A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.**

C. M.

Am I a soldier of the cross,  
A foll'wer of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own His cause,  
Or blush to speak His name?

**Must I** be carried to the skies,  
 On flow'ry beds of ease,  
 While others fought to win the prize,  
 And sail'd through bloody seas?

Are there no foes for me to face?  
 Must I not stem the flood?  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
 To help me on to God?

Sure I must fight, if I would reign;  
 Increase my courage, Lord!  
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
 Supported by Thy word.

---

## 68 ASLEEP IN JESUS! BLESSED SLEEP.

I. M.

Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!  
 From which none ever wakes to weep;  
 A calm and undisturbed repose,  
 Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,  
 Whose waking is supremely blest;  
 No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour  
 Which manifests the Savior's power.

Asleep in Jesus! O, for me  
 May such a blissful refuge be;  
 Securely shall my ashes lie,  
 And wait the summons from on high.

Asleep in Jesus! far from Thee  
 Thy kindred and their graves may be;  
 But thine is still a blessed sleep,  
 From which none ever wakes to weep.

## 69 BEFORE JEHOVAH'S AWFUL THRONE.

L. M.

Before Jehovah's awful throne,  
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;  
 Know that the Lord is God alone ;  
 He can create, and He destroy.

His sov'reign pow'r without our aid,  
 Made us of clay and form'd us men ;  
 And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,  
 He brought us to His fold again.

We are His people, we His care,  
 Our souls and all our mortal frame ;  
 What lasting honors shall we rear,  
 Almighty Maker, to Thy name !

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,  
 High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;  
 And earth with her ten thousand tongues  
 Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

## 70 BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS.

S. M.

Blest be the tie that binds  
 Our hearts in Christian love !  
 The fellowship of kindred minds  
 Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne  
 We pour our ardent prayers ;  
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one—  
 Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,  
 Our mutual burdens bear ;  
 And often for each other flows  
 The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part,  
 It gives us inward pain ;  
 But we shall still be join'd in heart,  
 And hope to meet again.

---

**71 COME, HOLY SPIRIT, HEAVENLY  
 DOVE.**

C. M.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With all Thy quickening powers,  
 Kindle a flame of sacred love  
 In these cold hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,  
 Fond of these trifling toys :  
 Our souls can neither fly nor go,  
 To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our formal songs,  
 In vain we strive to rise ;  
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
 And our devotion dies.

Dear Lord, and shall we ever live  
 At this poor dying rate ;  
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,  
 And Thine to us so great?

---

**72 DISMISS US WITH THY BLESSING,  
 LORD.**

L. M.

Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord,  
 Help us to feed upon thy word ;  
 All that has been amiss forgive,  
 And let Thy truth within us live.



Though we are guilty, Thou art good ;  
 Wash all our works in Jesus' blood :  
 Give every fettered soul release,  
 And bid us all depart in peace.

73 FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

8s and 7s, double.

From Greenland's icy mountains,  
 From India's coral strand ;  
 Where Afric's sunny fountains  
 Roll down their golden sand ;  
 From many an ancient river,  
 From many a palmy plain,  
 They call us to deliver,  
 Their land from error's chain.

What, though the spicy breezes  
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
 Though every prospect pleases,  
 And only man is vile ;  
 In vain with lavish kindness  
 The gifts of God are strown ;  
 The heathen, in his blindness,  
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
 With wisdom from on high ;  
 Shall we, to men benighted,  
 The lamp of life deny ?  
 Salvation ! O, Salvation !  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till earth's remotest nation  
 Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,  
 And you, ye waters, roll,

Till like a sea of glory,  
 It spreads from pole to pole ;  
 Till o'er our ransomed nature  
 The Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator,  
 In bliss returns to reign.

---

**74 GENTLE JESUS, MEEK AND MILD.**

7s.

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,  
 Look upon a little child ;  
 Pity my simplicity ;  
 Suffer me to come to Thee.

Fain I would to Thee be brought ;  
 Gracious God, forbid it not ;  
 In the kingdom of Thy grace  
 Give a little child a place.

O supply my every want,  
 Feed the young and tender plant ;  
 Day and night my Keeper be,  
 Every moment watch round me.

---

**75 GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH.**

8s, 7s and 4s.

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,  
 Pilgrim through this barren land ;  
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty,  
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand :  
 Bread of heaven,  
 Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,  
 Whence the healing streams do flow,  
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar

Lead me all my journey through ;  
 Strong Deliverer,  
 Be Thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside :  
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :  
 Songs of praises  
 I will ever give to Thee.

---

76      **HARK, THE GLAD SOUND! THE  
 SAVIOR COMES.**

C. M.

Hark, the glad sound ! the Savior comes,  
 The Savior promis'd long !  
 Let every heart prepare a throne,  
 And ev'ry voice a song.

On Him the Spirit largely pour'd,  
 Exerts its sacred fire :  
 Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,  
 His holy breast inspire.

He comes the pris'ners to release,  
 In Satan's bondage held ;  
 The gates of brass before Him burst,  
 The iron fetters yield.

He comes from thickest films of vice  
 To clear the mental ray,  
 And on the eyeballs of the blind  
 To pour celestial day.

## 77 HARK! WHAT MEAN THOSE HOLY VOICES.

8s and 7s.

Hark ! what mean those holy voices,  
 Sweetly sounding through the skies,  
 Lo ! th' angelic host rejoices,  
 Heav'nly hallelujahs rise.

Listen to the wondrous story,  
 Which they chant in hymns of joy ;  
 "Glory in the highest, glory !  
 Glory be to God most high !

"Peace on earth, good will from heav'n,  
 Reaching far as man is found ;  
 Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiven,  
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.

"Christ is born, the great Anointed,  
 Heav'n and earth his praises sing !  
 O receive whom God appointed  
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King !

"Hasten, mortals, to adore Him,  
 Learn His name, and taste His joy,  
 Till in heav'n ye sing before Him,  
 "Glory be to God most high !"

## 78 HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

7s.

Hark ! the herald angels sing,  
 Glory to the new-born King !  
 Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
 God and sinners reconciled.

Joyful, all ye nations rise,  
 Join the triumphs of the skies ;

Hail the new-born Prince of Peace !  
Hail the Son of Righteousness !

Mild He lays His glories by ;  
Born that men no more might die ;  
Born to raise the sons of earth ;  
Born to give them second birth.

Come ! Desire of Nations ! come,  
Fix in us Thy humble home :  
Thou, the woman's promised Seed,  
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

## 79 HOW SWEET THE NAME OF JESUS SOUNDS.

C. M.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear !  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast ;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

Dear name ! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place ;  
My never-failing treasury, fill'd  
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.

## 80 I LOVE THY KINGDOM, LORD.

S. M.

I love Thy kingdom, Lord,  
 The house of Thine abode ;  
 The Church our blest Redeemer sav'd  
 With his own precious blood.

I love Thy church, O God !  
 Her walls before Thee stand,  
 Dear as the apple of Thine eye,  
 And graven on Thy hand.

If e'er to bless Thy sons,  
 My voice or hands deny,  
 These hands let useful skill forsaken.  
 This voice in silence die.

If e'er my heart forget  
 Her welfare or her woe,  
 Let ev'ry joy this heart forsake  
 And ev'ry grief o'erflow.

## 81 I LOVE TO STEAL AWHILE AWAY.

C. M.

I love to steal awhile away  
 From ev'ry cumb'ring care,  
 And spend the hours of setting day  
 In humble, grateful pray'r.

I love in solitude to shed  
 The penitential tear,  
 And all His promises to plead,  
 Where none but God can hear.

I love to think on mercies past,  
 And future good implore,

And all my cares and sorrows cast  
On Him whom I adore.

I love by faith to take a view  
Of brighter scenes in heav'n ;  
The prospect doth my strength renew,  
While here by tempests driv'n.

82 **JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME.**

C. M.

Jerusalem, my happy home,  
Name ever dear to me !  
When shall my labors have an end,  
In joy, and peace, and thee ?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls  
And pearly gates behold ?  
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold ?

O ! when, thou city of my God,  
Shall I Thy courts ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And sabbaths have no end ?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
Nor sin nor sorrow know :  
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes,  
I onward press to you.

83 **LORD, DISMISS US WITH THY  
BLESSING.**

8s, 7s, and 4s.

Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;  
Let us each, Thy love possessing,

Triumph in redeeming grace ;  
 O refresh us !  
 Trav'ling through this wilderness.  
 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
 For Thy gospel's joyful sound ;  
 May the fruits of Thy salvation  
 In our hearts and lives abound ;  
 May Thy presence  
 With us evermore be found !  
 So, whene'er the signal's given  
 Us from earth to call away ;  
 Borne on angels wings to heav'n,  
 Glad to leave our cumb'rous clay.  
 May we ready  
 Rise, and reign in endless day !

84 **MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.**

6s and 4s.

My faith looks up to Thee,  
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
 Savior divine :  
 Now hear me while I pray ;  
 Take all my guilt away ;  
 O let me from this day  
 Be wholly Thine.  
 May Thy rich grace impart  
 Strength to my fainting heart,  
 My zeal inspire ;  
 As Thou hast died for me,  
 O may my love to Thee,  
 Pure, warm, and changeless be—  
 A living fire.  
 White life's dark maze I tread,  
 And griefs around me spread,



Be Thou my guide ;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll ;  
Blest Savior, then in love,  
Fear and distrust remove,  
O bear me safe above—  
A ransomed soul.

85 ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS I  
STAND.

C. M.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.

O, the transporting, rapturous scene,  
That rises to my sight !  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight !

There generous fruits that never fall,  
On trees immortal grow ;  
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,  
With milk and honey flow.

O'er all those wide extended plains  
Shines one eternal day ;  
There God, the Son, forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.

## 86 O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES TO SING.

C. M.

O for a thousand tongues to sing  
 My great Redeemer's praise,—  
 The glories of my God and King,  
 The triumphs of His grace.

My gracious Master, and my God,  
 Assist me to proclaim,  
 To spread, through all the earth abroad,  
 The honors of Thy Name.

Jesus! the name that charms our fears,  
 That bids our sorrows cease;  
 'Tis music in a sinner's ears;  
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He breaks the power of reigning sin;  
 He sets the pris'ner free;  
 His blood can make the foulest clean;  
 His blood availed for me.

## 87 O MOTHER DEAR, JERUSALM.

C. M.

O mother dear, Jerusalem,  
 When shall I come to thee?  
 When shall my sorrows have an end?  
 Thy joys when shall I see?

Jerusalem the city is  
 Of God our King alone;  
 The Lamb of God, its light and bliss,  
 Sits on His glorious throne.

O happy harbor of God's saints!  
 O sweet and pleasant soil!

In thee no sorrow may be found—  
No grief, no care, no toil.

No dimming clouds o'ershadow thee,  
No dull or darksome night ;  
For every soul shines as the sun,  
And God himself gives light.

88      **THERE IS A FOUNTAIN FILL'D  
WITH BLOOD.**

C. M.

There is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;  
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoic'd to see  
That fountain in his day ;  
And there have I, as vile as he,  
Washed all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its pow'r,  
Till all the ransom'd Church of God  
Be sav'd, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be—till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
I'll sing Thy pow'r to save ;  
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

**89 SAVIOR, WHEN IN DUST TO THEE.**

7s, double

Savior, when in dust to Thee,  
 Low we bend the adoring knee ;  
 When repentant, to the skies  
 Scarce we lift our weeping eyes ;  
 O, by all Thy pains and woe  
 Suffered once for man below,  
 Bending from Thy throne on high,  
 Hear our solemn Litany !

By Thy helpless infant years,  
 By Thy life of want and tears,  
 By Thy days of sore distress  
 In the savage wilderness ;  
 By the dread mysterious hour  
 Of the insulting tempter's power ;  
 Turn, O turn a favoring eye,  
 Hear our solemn Litany !

By Thine hour of dire despair,  
 By Thine agony of prayer ;  
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,  
 Piercing spear, the torturing scorn ;  
 By the gloom that veiled the skies  
 O'er the dreadful sacrifice ;  
 Listen to our humble cry,  
 Hear our solemn Litany !

**90 WATCHMAN! TELL US OF THE NIGHT.**

7s, 8 lines.

Watchman ! tell us of the night,  
 What its signs of promise are ?  
 Trav'ler ! o'er yon mountain's height  
 See that glory-beaming star !

Watchman ! does its beauteous ray  
 Aught of hope or joy fortell ?  
 Trav'ler ! yes : it brings the day,—  
 Promis'd day of Israel.

Watchman ! tell us of the night !  
 Higher yet that star ascends :  
 Trav'ler ! blessedness and light,  
 Peace and truth, its course portends !  
 Watchman ! will its beams alone  
 Gild the spot that gave them birth ?  
 Trav'ler ! ages are its own,  
 See it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman ! tell us of the night,  
 For the morning seems to dawn :  
 Trav'ler ! darkness takes its flight,  
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
 Watchman ! let thy wand'rings cease :  
 Hie thee to thy quiet home :  
 Trav'ler ! lo ! the Prince of Peace,  
 Lo ! the Son of God is come.

91      **WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE  
 CLEAR.**

C. M

When I can read my title clear  
 To mansions in the skies,  
 I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,  
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage,  
 And hellish darts be hurl'd,  
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
 And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
 And storms of sorrow fall ;  
 May I but safely reach my home,  
 My God, my heav'n, my all.]

There shall I bathe my weary soul  
 In seas of heav'nly rest,  
 And not a wave of trouble roll  
 Across my peaceful breast.

92 **ABIDE WITH ME! FAST FALLS  
 THE EVENTIDE.**

IOS.

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide ;  
 The darkness deepens : Lord, with me abide !  
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;  
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;  
 Change and decay in all around I see ;  
 O Thou who changest not, abide with me !

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,  
 But as Thou dwell'st, with Thy disciples, Lord,  
 Familiar, condescending, patient, free,  
 Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come not in terrors as the King of kings,  
 But kind and good, with healing on Thy wings ;  
 Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea ;  
 O Friend of sinners, thus abide with me !

93 **A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD.**

8, 7, 5, 6, 7.

A Mighty Fortress is our God,  
 A trusty Shield and Weapon,

**He** helps us free from every need  
 That hath us now o'ertaken.  
 The old bitter foe  
 Means us deadly woe :  
 Deep guile and great might  
 Are his dread arms in fight,  
 On earth is not his equal.

With might of ours can naught be done,  
 Soon were our laws effected ;  
 But for us fights the Valiant One  
 Whom God himself elected.  
 Ask ye, Who is this?  
 Jesus Christ it is,  
 Of Sabaoth Lord,  
 And there's none other God,  
 He holds the field for ever.

Though devils all the world should fill,  
 All watching to devour us,  
 We tremble not, we fear no ill,  
 They cannot overpower us.  
 This world's prince may still  
 Scowl fierce as he will,  
 He can harm us none,  
 He's judged, the deed is done,  
 One little word o'erthrows him.

The Word they still shall let remain,  
 And not a thank have for it,  
 He's by our side upon the plain,  
 With his good gifts and Spirit.  
 Take they then our life,  
 Goods, fame, child and wife ;  
 When their worst is done,  
 They yet have nothing won,  
 The Kingdom ours remaineth.

94

## HOW PRECIOUS IS THE BOOK DIVINE.

C. M

How precious is the Book divine,  
By inspiration given !  
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,  
To guide our souls to heaven.

It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts  
In this dark vale of tears ;  
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,  
And quells our rising fears.

This Lamp, through all the tedious night  
Of life, shall guide our way,  
Till we behold the clearer light  
Of an eternal day.

## 95 JESUS! NAME OF WONDROUS LOVE.

7s.

Jesus! Name of wondrous love,  
Name all other names above!  
Name at which most every knee  
Bow in deep humility.

Jesus! Name of priceless worth  
To the fallen sons of earth,  
For the promise that it gave—  
“Jesus shall his people save.”

Jesus! Name of mercy mild,  
Given to the Holy Child,  
When the cup of human woe  
First He tasted here below.

Jesus! Only Name that's given  
Under all the mighty heaven,



Whereby man, to sin enslaved,  
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

Jesus! Name of wondrous Love!  
Human Name of Him above!  
Pleading only this we flee,  
Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

96 **ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.**

7s, 6 lines.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee!  
Let the Water and the Blood,  
From Thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the perfect cure,  
Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

Not the labors of my hands  
Can fulfill Thy Law's demands:  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow,  
All for sin could not atone:  
Thou must save and Thou alone!

Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress;  
Helpless look to Thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly;  
Wash me, Savior, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee!

**97 SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK.**

7s, 6 lines

Safely through another week,  
 God has brought us on our way :  
 Let us now a blessing seek,  
 Waiting in his courts to-day ;  
 Day of all the week the best,  
 Emblem of eternal rest.

Mercies multiplied each hour  
 Through the week, our praise demand ;  
 Guarded by Thy mighty power,  
 Fed and guided by Thy hand ;  
 Though ungrateful we have been,  
 Only made returns of sin.

While we pray for pardoning grace,  
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,  
 Show Thy reconciling face,  
 Take away our sin and shame :  
 From our worldly cares set free,  
 May we rest this day in Thee.

Here we're come, Thy name to praise ;  
 Let us feel Thy presence near :  
 May Thy glory meet our eyes,  
 While we in Thy house appear ;  
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste  
 Of our everlasting feast.

**98 THINE FOR EVER ! GOD OF LOVE.**

7s

Thine for ever ! God of love,  
 Hear us from Thy throne above ;  
 Thine for ever may we be,  
 Here and in eternity.

Thine for ever ! Lord of Life,  
 Shield us through our earthly strife,  
 Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
 Guide us to the realms of day.

Thine for ever ! O how blest  
 They who find in Thee their rest ;  
 Savior, Guardian, heavenly Friend,  
 O defend us to the end.

Thine for ever ! Savior, keep  
 These Thy frail and trembling sheep ;  
 Safe alone beneath Thy care  
 Let us all Thy goodness share.

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99    **WHEN JESUS DWELT IN MORTAL  
 CLAY.**

L. M.

When Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,  
 What were His works from day to day  
 But miracles of power and grace,  
 That spread salvation through our race ?

Teach us, O Lord ! to keep in view  
 Thy pattern, and Thy steps persue.  
 Let alms bestowed, let kindness done  
 Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

100

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**DOXOLOGY.**

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
 Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## Additional Patriotic Songs.

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### THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh say, can you see by the dawn's early light,  
 What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last  
 gleaming,

Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the  
 perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly  
 streaming,

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in  
 air,

Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still  
 there ;

Oh say, does the STAR-SPANGLED BANNER yet wave  
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the  
 deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence  
 reposes,

What is that which the breeze o'er the towering  
 steep,

As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses ;  
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first  
 beam,

In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream !  
 'Tis the STAR-SPANGLED BANNER, oh long may it  
 wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave !

Oh thus be it ever, when freeman shall stand  
 Between their loved home and foul war's desola-  
 tion ;

Blest with vict'ry and peace may the heav'n-res-  
cued land

Praise the power that hath made and preserved  
us a nation ;

Then conquer we must, when our cause is so just,  
And this be our motto—"IN GOD IS OUR TRUST ;"  
And the STAR-SPANGLED BANNER in triumph shall  
wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave !

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### MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another  
song—

Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along—  
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,  
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHO.—"Hurrah ! Hurrah ! we bring the jubilee !  
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! the flag that makes you  
free !"

So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the  
sea,

While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they heard the joy-  
ful sound !

How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary  
found !

How the sweet potatoes even started from the  
ground,

While we were marching through Georgia.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joy-  
ful tears,

When they saw the honored flag they had not  
seen for years ;

Hardly could they be restrained from breaking  
forth in cheers,  
While we were marching through Georgia.

“Sherman’s dashing Yankee boys will never reach  
the coast !”  
So the saucy rebels said, and ’twas a handsome  
boast,  
Had they not forgot, alas, to reckon with the host,  
While we were marching through Georgia.

So we made a thoroughfare for freedom and her  
train,  
Sixty miles in latitude—three hundred to the  
main ;  
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,  
While we were marching through Georgia.

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